

The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES (MRS. POST WHEELER)
ILLUSTRATED BY LAUREN STOUT

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Coming of Greef King.
It was Sunday afternoon, and under the hemlocks, Rickey Snyder had gathered her minions—a dozen children from the near-by houses with the usual sprinkling of little blacks from the kitchens. There were parents, of course, to whom this mingling of color and degree was a matter of conventional prohibition, but since the advent of Rickey, in whose soul lay a Napoleonic instinct of leadership, this was more honored in the breach than in the observance.

"My! Ain't it scrumptious here now!" said Cozy Cabell, hanging yellow lady-slippers over her ears. "I wish we could play here always."

"Mr. Vallant will let us," said Rickey. "I asked him."

"Oh, he will," responded Cozy gloomily, "but he'll probably go and marry somebody who'll be mean about it."

"Everybody doesn't get married," said one of the Byloe twins, with masculine assurance. "Maybe he won't."

"Much a boy knows about it!" retorted Cozy scornfully. "Women have to, and some one of them will make him. (Greenville Female Seminary Simms, if you slap that little nigger again, I'll slap you!)"

Greenie rolled over on the grass and giggled. "Miss Mattie Sue didn't," she said. "Ah heah huh say de yuddah day er wuz er moughty good feelin' ter go ter baid Mistic en git up Mars-tah!"

"Well," said Cozy, tossing her head till the flower earrings danced, "I'm going to get married if the man hasn't got anything but a character and a red mustache. Married women don't have to prove they could have got a husband if they had wanted to."

"Let's play something," proposed Rosebud Meredith, on whom the discussion palled. "Let's play King, King Katiko."

"It's Sunday!"—this from her smaller and more righteous sister. "We're forbidden to play anything but Bible games on Sunday, and if Rosebud does, I'll tell."

"Jay-bird tattle-tale!" sang Rosebud derisively. "Don't care if you do!"

"Well," decreed Rickey. "We'll play Sunday school then. It would take a saint to object to that. I'm superin-



He Bent Over, Suddenly Noting the Scent; It Was Cape Jessamine.

tendent and this stump's my desk. All you children sit down under that tree." They ranged themselves in two rows, the white children, in clean Sabbath pinafores and go-to-meeting knickerbockers, in front and the colored ones, in gingham and cotton-prints, in the rear—the habitual expression of a differing social station. "Oh!" shrieked Miss Cabell, "and I'll be Mrs. Merryweather Mason and teach the infants' class."

"There isn't any infant class," said Rickey. "How could there be when there aren't any infants? The lesson is over and I've just rung the bell for silence. Children, this is Missionary Sunday, and I'm glad to see so many happy faces here today. Cozy," she said relenting, "you can be the organist if you want to."

"I won't," said Cozy sullenly. "If I can't be table-cloth I won't be dish-rag."

"All right, you needn't," retorted Rickey freely. "Sit up, Greenie! People don't lie on their backs in Sunday-school."

Greenie yawned dismally, and righted herself with injured slowness. "Ah diffuses ter 'cep' yo' insult, Rickey Snyder," she said. "Ah'd ruthah lose mah 'ligion dan mah laz'ness. En Ah 'spises yo' spissable dissission!"

"Let us all rise," continued Rickey, unmoved, "and sing 'Kingdom Coming.'" And she struck up lustily, beating time on the stump with a stick, and the rows of children joined in with unctious, the colored contingent coming out strong on the chorus:

De yerf shall be full ob de wunduful story
An watahs dat covah de seal

The clear voices in the quiet air startled the fluttering birds and sent a squirrel to the tip-top of an oak, from which he looked down, flinching his brush. They roused a man, too,

who had lain in a sodden sleep under a bush at a little distance. He was ragged and soiled and his heavy brutal face, covered with a dark stubble of some days' growth, had an ugly scar slanting back from cheek to hair. Without getting up, he rolled over to command a better view, and set his eyes, blinking from their slumber, on the children.

"We will now take up the collection," said Rickey. ("You can do it, June. Use a flat piece of bark.") Remember that what we give today is for the poor heathen in—Alabama."

The bark-slab made its rounds, receiving leaves, acorns, and an occasional pin. Midway, however, there arose a shrill shriek from the bearer and the collection was scattered broadcast. "Rosebud Meredith," said Rickey witheringly, "it would serve you right for putting that toud in the plate if your hand would get all over warts! I'm sure I hope it will." She rescued the fallen piece of bark and announced: "The collection this afternoon has amounted to a hundred dollars and seven cents. And now, children, we will skip the catechism and I will tell you a story."

Her auditors hunched themselves nearer, a double row of attentive white and black faces, as Rickey with a preliminary bass cough, began in a drawing tone whose mimicry called forth giggles of ecstasy.

"There were once two little sisters, who went to Sunday-school and loved their teacher ve-ery much. They were always good and attentive—not like that little nigger over there! The one with his thumb in his mouth! One was little Mary and the other was little Susy. They had a mighty rich uncle who lived in Richmond, and once he came to see them and gave them each a dollar. And they were ve-ery glad. It wasn't a mean old paper dollar, all dirt and creases; nor a battered whitey silver dollar; but it was a bright round gold dollar, right out of the mint. Little Mary and little Susy could hardly sleep that night for thinking of what they could buy with those gold dollars."

"Early next morning they went down-town, hand in hand, to the store, and little Susy bought a bag of goober-peas, and sticks and sticks of striped candy, and a limber jack, and a gold ring, and a wax doll with a silk dress on that could open and shut its eyes—" "Huh!" said the captious Cozy. "You can't buy a wax doll for a dollar. My littlest, littlest one cost three, and she didn't have a stitch to her back!" "Shut up!" said Rickey briefly. "Dolls were cheaper then." She looked at the row of little negroes, goggle-eyed at the vision of such largesse. "What do you think little Mary did with her gold dollar? She loved dolls and candy, too, but she had heard about the poo-oo-r heathen. There was a tear in her eye, but she took the dollar home, and next day when she went to Sunday-school, she dropped it in the missionary-box."

"Little children, what do you reckon became of that dollar? It bought a big satchelful of tracts for a missionary. He had been a poor man with six children and a wife with a bone-felon on her right hand—not a child old enough to wash dishes and all of them young enough to fall in the fire—so he had to go and be a missionary. He was going to Alabam—to a cannibal island, and he took the tracts and sailed away in a ship that landed him on the shore. And when the heathen cannibals saw him they were ve-ery glad, for there hadn't been any shipwrecked sailors for a long time, and they were ve-ery hungry. So they tied up the missionary and gathered a lot of wood to make a fire and cook him."

"But it had rained and rained and rained for so long that the wood was all wet, and it wouldn't burn, and they all cried because they were so hungry. And then they happened to find the satchelful of tracts, and the tracts were ve-ery dry. They took them and stuck them under the wet wood, and the tracts burned and the wood caught fire and they cooked the missionary and ate him."

"Now, little children, which do you think did the most good with her dollar—little Susy or little Mary?" The front row sniggered, and a sigh came from the colored ranks. "Dem ar' can'bals," gasped a dusky infant breathlessly. "—dey done eat up all dat candy and dem goober-peas, too?"

The inquiry was drowned in a shriek from several children in unison. They scrambled to their feet, casting fearful glances over their shoulders. The man who had been lying behind the bush had risen and was coming toward them at a slouching amble, one foot dragging slightly. His appearance, indeed, was enough to cause panic. With his savage face, set now in a grin, and his trap-like costume, he looked fierce and animal-like. White and black, the children fled like startled rabbits, older ones dragging younger, without a backward look—all save Rickey, who stood quite still, her widening eyes fixed on him in a kind of blanched fascinated terror.

He came close to her, never taking his eyes from hers, then put his heavy grimy hand under her chin and turned her twitching face upward, chuckling. "Ain't afraid, d—n me!" he said

with admiration. "Wouldn't shodaddle with th' fine folks' white-livered young 'uns! Know who I am, don't ye?" "Greef King," Rickey's lips rather formed than spoke the name.

"Right. An' I know you, too. Got jes' th' same look ez when yo wuzn't no higher'n my knee. So ye ain't at th' Dome no mo', eh? Purkle an' fine llinning an' a eddication. Ho-ho! Goin' ter make ye another ladyless like the sweet ducky-dovey that rescoved ye from th' lovin' embrace o' yer fond step-parent, eh?"

Rickey's small arm went suddenly out and her fingers tore at his shirt-band. "Don't you," she burst in a



"There He Goes!" He Said With Bitter Hatred.

paroxysm of passion; "don't you even speak her name! If you do, I'll kill you!"

So fierce was her leap that he fell back a step in sheer surprise. Then he laughed loudly. "Why, ye little spittin' wile-cat!" he grinned.

He leaned suddenly, gripped her wrist and covering her mouth tightly with his palm, dragged her behind a clump of dogwood bushes. A heavy step was coming along the wood-path. He held her motionless and breathless in this cruel grip till the pedestrian had passed. It was Major Bristow, his spruce white hat on the back of his head, his unsullied waistcoat dappled with the leaf-shadows. He stepped out briskly toward Damory court, swinging his stick, all unconscious of the fierce scrutiny bent on him from behind the dogwoods.

Greef King did not withdraw his hand till the steps had died in the distance. When he did, he clenched his fist and shook it in the air. "There he goes!" he said with bitter hatred. "Ye noble friend that sent me up for six years t' break my heart on th' rock-pile! Oh, he's a top-notch, he is! But he's got Greef King to reckon with yit!" He looked at her balefully and shook her.

"Look-a-yere," he said in a hissing voice. "Ye remember me. I'm a bad one ter fool with. Yer maw foun' that out, I reckon. Now ye'll promise me ye'll tell nobody who ye've seen. I'm only a tramp; d'ye hear?" He shook her roughly.

Rickey's fingers and teeth were clenched hard and she said no word. He shook her again viciously, the blood pouring into his scarred face. "Ye snivelin' brat, ye!" he snarled. "I'll show yer!" He began to drag her after him through the bushes. A few yards and they were on the brink of the headlong ugly chasm of Lovers' Leap. She cast one desperate look about her and shut her eyes. Catching her about the waist he leaned over and held her out in mid-air, as if she had been a kitten. "Ye ain't seen me, hev yer? Promise, or over ye go. Ye won't look so pretty when ye're layin' down there on them rocks!" The child's face was paper-white and she had begun to tremble like a leaf, but her eyes remained closed.

"One—two—" he counted deliberately. Her eyes opened. She turned one shuddering glance below, then her resolution broke. She clutched his arm and broke into wild supplications. "I promise, I promise!" she cried. "Oh, don't let go! I promise!"

He set her on the solid ground and released her, looking at her with a sneering laugh. "Now we'll see ef ye belong here 'or up ter Hell's-Half-Acre," he said. "Fine folks keeps their promises, I've heard tell."

Rickey looked at him a moment shaking; then she burst into a passion of sobbing and with her face averted ran from him like a deer through the bushes.

(To Be Continued.)

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express to our friends and neighbors our sincere thanks for their kindness and tender sympathy shown and expressed during the illness and at the death of our loving mother, Mrs. B. W. Lanford, May Heaven's richest blessing rest on each of them.

Children.

Lanford, S. C.,
July 21, 1914.

Infection and Insect Bites Dangerous.
Mosquitoes, flies and other insects, which breed quickly in garbage pails, ponds of stagnant water, barns, nasty places, etc., are carriers of disease. Every time they bite you, they inject poison into your system from which some dread disease may result. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment. It is antiseptic and a few drops will neutralize the infection caused by insect bites or rusty nails. Sloan's Liniment disinfects Cuts, Bruises and Sores. You cannot afford to be without it in your home. Money back if not satisfied. Only 25c at your druggist.

Summer Constipation Dangerous.

Constipation in summer time is more dangerous than in the fall, winter or spring. The food you eat is often contaminated and is more likely to ferment in your stomach. Then you are apt to drink much cold water during the hot weather, thus injuring your stomach. Colic, Fever, Ptoimaine Poisoning and other ills are natural results. Po-Do-Lax will keep you well, as it increases the bile, the natural laxative, which rids the bowels of the congested poisonous waste. Po-Do-Lax will make you feel better. Pleasant and effective. Take a dose tonight, 50c at your druggist.

How the Trouble Starts.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Tablets. Keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers.

Notice to Creditors.

All persons holding claims against the estate of Pamela C. Fogarty, deceased, will present them, duly proven to the undersigned at Spartanburg, S. C. or to the Probate Judge of Laurens county, on or before the 12th day of August, 1914, or be forever barred.

H. E. REVENUEL,
Administrator.

July 22, 1914.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure.
The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Itch at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

N. B. DIAL

A. C. TODD

DIAL & TODD

Attorneys at Law

Enterprise Bank Building, Laurens, S. C.
PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS

Money to loan on Real Estate—Long Time.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

County Commissioner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county commissioner subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

J. L. MAHAFFEY.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county commissioner, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

J. N. LEAK,
Gray Court.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county commissioner subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

L. DUNK CURRY,
Gray Court, S. C.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

WALTER M. NASII.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of county commissioner of Laurens county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

J. T. TODD.

Knowing S. S. Farrar to be a man of wide experience in road work, we hereby announce him as a candidate for road commissioner subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

(Signed) CITIZENS.

I hereby offer myself as a candidate for the office of county commissioner of Laurens county, subject to the rules of the democratic party.

J. B. HITT.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner for Laurens County, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

D. A. MADDEN.

Supervisor.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Laurens county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

AUSTIN ABERCROMBIE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Supervisor of Laurens county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

H. B. HUMBERT.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of supervisor of Laurens county and promise to abide by the rules of the democratic party.

B. R. TODD.

Auditor.

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of County Auditor of Laurens county, subject to the rules of the approaching Democratic primary election.

J. WADY THOMPSON.

House of Representatives.

I hereby offer myself as a candidate for re-election to the House of Representatives from Laurens county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

GEO. A. BROWNING, JR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives to represent Laurens County and promise to abide by the rules of the Democratic primary.

H. D. STEWART.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the house of representatives subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

R. D. BOYD.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives from Laurens county subject to the rules of the democratic primary.

Wilson W. Harris.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives to represent the county of Laurens, and promise to abide by the rules of the democratic primary.

PERRIN B. WATTS.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives from Laurens county, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.

S. H. GOGGANS,

Cross Hill.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives from Laurens county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

AUG. G. HART.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the House of Representatives subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

H. S. BLACKWELL.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the house of representatives from Laurens county and promise to abide by the results of the Democratic primary.

W. R. RICHIEY, SR.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the House of Representatives, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

D. L. BOOZER.

Probate Judge.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Probate Judge of Laurens county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

EUGENE SHAW CUNNINGHAM.

We are authorized to announce O. G. Thompson as a candidate for re-election to the office of Probate Judge, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Treasurer of Laurens County, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

ROSS D. YOUNG.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Laurens county, and promise to abide by the rules of the Democratic primary.

B. MARVIN WOLFE.

Superintendent of Education.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Superintendent of Education and promise to abide by the rules of the Democratic primary.

JAMES H. SULLIVAN.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Superintendent of Education subject to the rules of the Democratic Primary.

JOHN D. HUNTER.

Dr. J. O. Martin is hereby announced as a candidate for County Superintendent of Education, subject to the rules of the approaching Democratic Primary election.

VOTERS.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county superintendent of education, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

J. C. BURDETTE.

Magistrate.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of magistrate in Sullivan's Township, Laurens County and promise to abide by the rules of the Democratic primary.

L. C. ABERCROMBIE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of magistrate of Laurens township, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.

S. W. RUTLEDGE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for magistrate in Laurens township, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.

GEO. C. HOPKINS.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for magistrate for Laurens township, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.

R. P. TRAYNHAM.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for magistrate for Laurens township, subject to the rules of the democratic party.

J. N. WRIGHT.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of magistrate for Laurens township, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

T. M. Workman.

Sixty Dollar Cut Now in Prices of All Ford Cars

Effective August 1, 1914

These prices are guaranteed against any reduction until August 1, 1915.

Note the above statement carefully. These prices are guaranteed against any reduction in price, but not against any advance in price. Therefore no orders will be accepted for future delivery. All orders must be for immediate delivery.

The same sturdy Ford car that has made for itself a world-wide record for dependable and economical service, is now offered at a price well within the income of the man of moderate means. THE NEW PRICES ARE:

Touring Car \$490
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All cars fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit (In the United States of America only)